

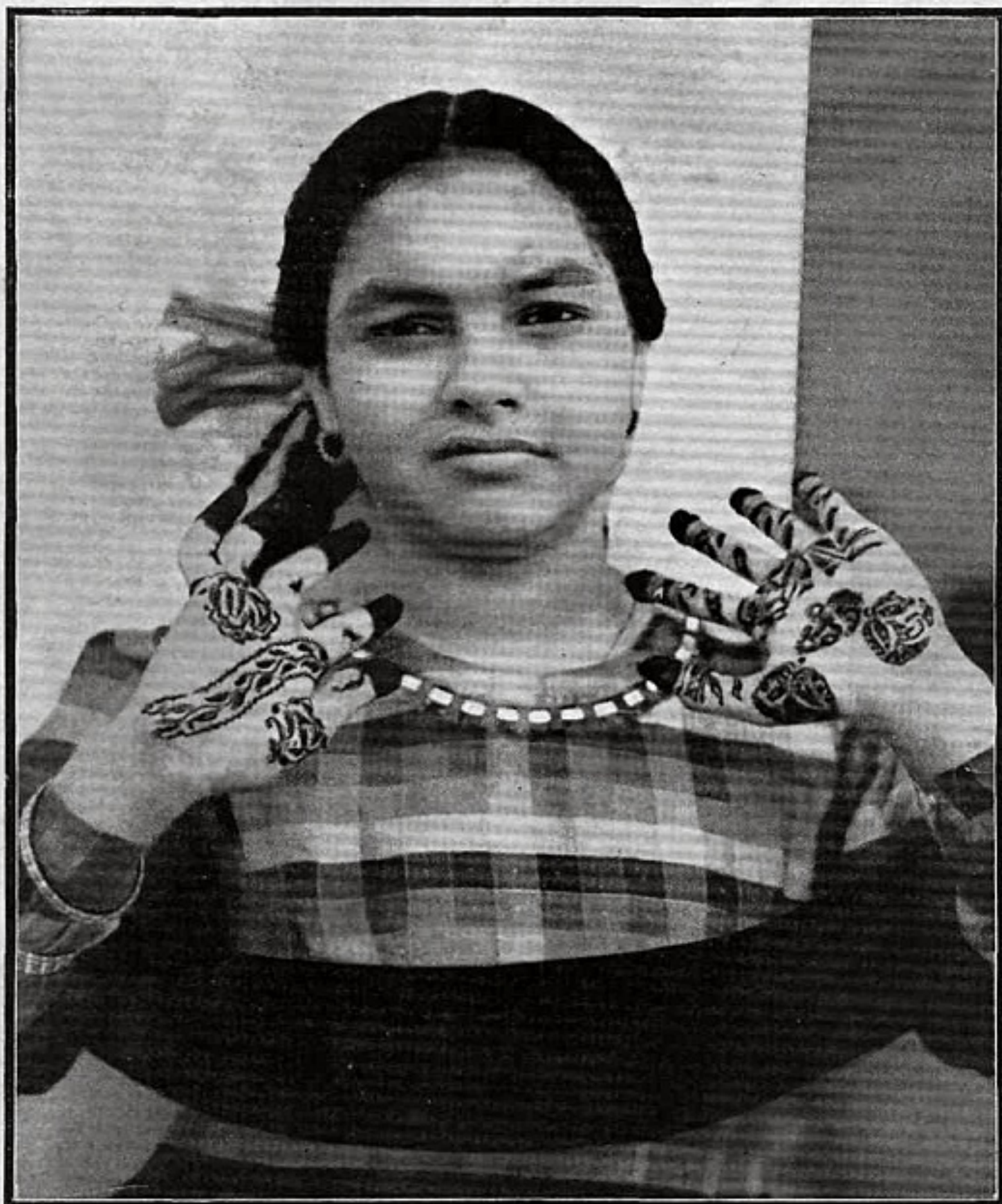
CHANDAMAMA

MAGAZINE FOR THE YOUNG



1st July '56





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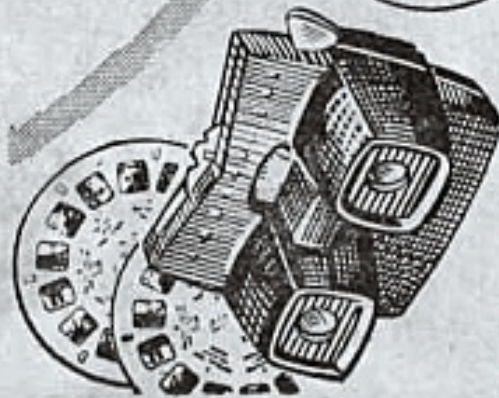
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CHANDAMAMA

CONTENTS

LOSING FRIENDS (POEM) ..	3	THREE QUESTIONS ..	28
THE DIFFERENCE ..	7	MOTHER AND DAUGHTER-5	33
THE COMET-13 (Serial) ..	9	MAN THE HUNTER ..	41
THE NEEDY ..	17	SUBSTITUTE BRIDE ..	42
THE THREE BROTHERS ..	21	MAGIC ..	50

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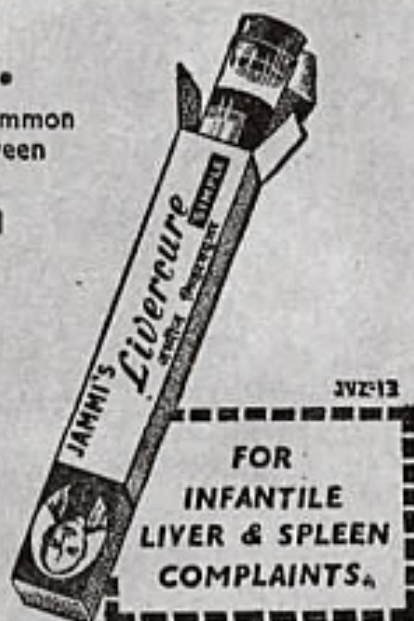
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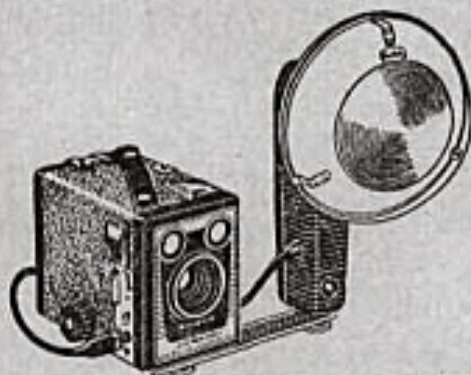


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CHANDAMAMA

Controlling Editor : CHAKRAPANI

WITH this issue English "CHANDAMAMA" enters upon its second year.

While this is in itself a cause for jubilation, there is another cause for feeling gratified. For, since its inception, English "CHANDAMAMA" was followed by two "juniors."

In fact, the family of "CHANDAMAMA" has expanded further during the last few months. Since January 1956 Oriya "CHANDAMAMA" has been appearing, and this month Sindhi "CHANDAMAMA" takes its first bow, bringing up the "family" to a round ten.

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THE FRONT COVER

THE proud Duryodhana, who had resigned himself to death after his defeat at the hands of Chitrasena the Gandharva, abandoned the idea because of his visit to the Underworld and the advice of Karna and the rest. He returned to Hasthinapura.

In order to please Duryodhana, Karna took a big army and started on a campaign of conquest. He conquered all the countries and made a gift of them to Duryodhana. Then Duryodhana decided to perform the *Vaishnava Yajna*.

A vast tract of land lying beyond the city was ploughed with a plough of gold for this *yajna*, and later architects put up the necessary structures. Duryodhana dispatched a messenger to the Dwaita Forest to invite the Pandavas to the *yajna*. "We cannot attend," Yudhisthira told the messenger, "since we are under vow to live in the forest. There should be no breach of that vow." But Bhima said to the messenger, "Tell your master that at the end of our vow-period my brother here will perform a much bigger *yajna* in which Duryodhana and his hundred brothers will be sacrificial beasts. I will be there then." (Bhima meant war when he said *yajna*.)

The *yajna* went off quite well. Duryodhana was elated. Karna heaped such compliments upon him that Duryodhana thought that he had already destroyed the Pandavas in the battle.

Soon after this Yudhisthira at the Dwaita Forest had a dream one night. He saw the beasts of the jungle all around him. "What can I do for you?" he asked them. "Why have you come to me?"

"Sir," they replied, "we, the dwellers of the Dwaita Forest suffered much at the hands of your brothers. We are on the verge of extinction. Have pity on us and go to another forest, leaving us in peace." Yudhisthira agreed to do so. The next day he departed with his brothers and wife to the Kamyaka Forest.



Losing Friends

IN a certain forest a certain Lion and Bull lived in great friendship. And a wily jackal, unable to tolerate such friendship, deliberately brought enmity between the both of them.

Listen carefully, I shall tell you how it all came to pass.

Once upon a time there was a very rich city. In that city there was a trader called Vardhamanaka, a very intelligent man, nobly born. One night he went to bed, engaged with thoughts of making money. "For, there is nothing on earth that one cannot buy with money. One must earn money. The man of money is also the man of learning;

indeed he is the real man! Friends always surround him; and so do relatives. One may have many a desire, but if he should have no money, he is treated as one who has no need of anything. While money makes friends of enemies, its loss will make enemies of even near and dear ones. Tempted by money men court even the dismal graveyard. The very children leave off the aged parent who has lost his money. The senile rich are forever like the sweet sixteen, while sweet sixteen itself revolts like senility, without IT! So then one must think out the various ways of making money.

“There are six ways of increasing wealth;

Serving the King, Begging Alms, Agriculture, Learning, Business, and lastly Trade. Of all the six trade is the best; it never fails.

Take begging. The beggars are so many that the man of charity cannot distinguish the deserving from the undeserving.

Take agriculture which is full of vicissitudes. It depends on the monsoon.

Then, Usuary may lead to poverty.

Service has its shortcomings. Trade, by all means, is the best of all.”

Thus concluding the young trader prepared for a journey. With the idea of going to foreign lands he packed his goods, found an auspicious day, took the blessings of his people, and started on the journey.

To pull his cart he engaged his own fine bulls, Sanjivaka and



Nandaka, which were strong enough to draw any load, and unrivalled in speed.

As the cart passed through the sands of the Jumna, the bulls felt every step painful.

Presently Sanjivaka got badly stuck in the sands, threw off the yoke and fell down.

His master saw his plight and was worried. He could not leave his favourite bull half buried in the sands, and he too stayed at the spot, for three days.

Then his men said to him, "Sir, this is a dangerous and deserted spot. All of us may have to face danger because of this one bull.

"It is not good to lose the greater for the sake of the lesser. And it is deemed wise to sacrifice the least in order to achieve the most. Are we to be eaten up by a pack of tigers while waiting upon one animal?"

"That's true," said the trader. He decided to go forth. He



kept ten men to look after the bull, and left with the rest of his men.

And the ten who were left behind were mortally afraid.

They overtook the master next day and told him, "Sir, the poor creature died."

The trader shed tears on hearing this news. He performed the ceremony of bereavement and proceeded with his men.

Now, the bull that got stuck in the sands recuperated with the help of the cool breezes that came over the waters of the Jumna, slowly pulled himself out of the sand and stood up.

Eating the rich, emerald grass and moving about freely, the

bull put on flesh and gradually came to resemble the Bull of Lord Shiva.

His hump fattened, his eyes gleamed, and he began to gore the ant-hills with his horns, and bellow till the hills shook.

He pawed the ground, wandered in the jungles without hindrance, and played all along the banks of the Jumna.

By the grace of God even the destitute can thrive and prosper, while ill luck can bring ruin upon the well protected.

They say prosperity can be found even in the jungle and ruination in the heart of a temple. This is quite true, and our bull is a good proof thereof.





THE DIFFERENCE

WHILE Chandra-peeda was King of Kanchan Nagar, there was a man at his court whose name was Dhaval. Dhaval never went home straight from court. By the time he reached home late at night, he had already had his dinner, drink and *pan*.

One day his wife asked him, "How is it that you always have your dinner outside? Who feeds you every day, and why?"

"I've two good friends," Dhaval replied. "One of them is Kalyan-varma, who will not deny me anything that is in his possession. The other is Veer-bahu who will lay down even his life for my sake. He is such a great friend to me."

Dhaval's lady was really happy to know that her husband had

such worthy friends. "I should like to meet these good friends of yours," she told Dhaval.

"You shall meet them," Dhaval told her. "Come with me tomorrow. We shall visit both of them."

Next morning they went to Kalyan-varma first. He lavished such hospitality upon them that Dhaval's wife was convinced that her husband did not exaggerate in the least the good points of that gentleman.

Then they went to the house of Veer-bahu. At the moment Veer-bahu was deeply engrossed in a game of chess. He looked once at Dhaval and said, "Ah, you've come. Won't you sit?" Then he lost himself in the game again. After a time Dhaval said

to his friend, "We shall get along now." "All right," Veer-bahu said, without even lifting his eyes from the chess-board.

Dhaval's wife was not impressed with Veer-bahu. "You gave me the impression," she said to Dhaval, "that Veer-bahu was by far the better friend. But it was Kalyan-varma who gave us a better reception."

"Ah, if you want to see the difference between them," Dhaval replied, "go to both of them, and inform them that I incurred the King's wrath."

So Dhaval's wife started alone next morning. She went first to Kalyan-varma and said "Sir, the King is angry with your friend. Won't you help him?"

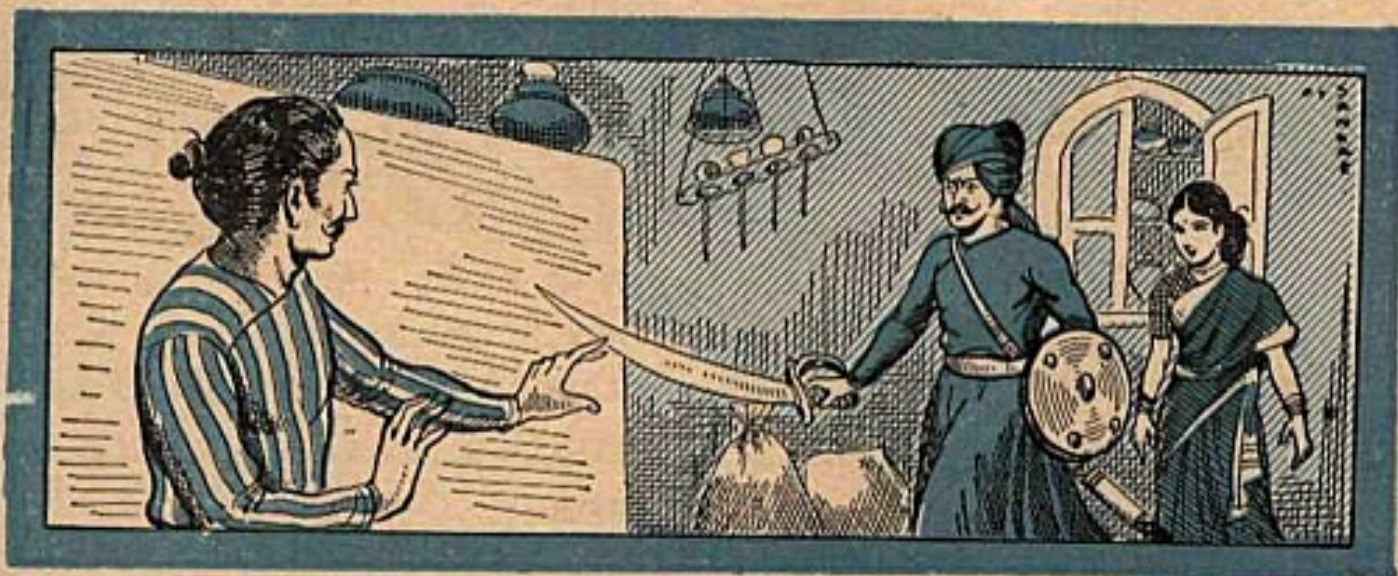
Kalyan-varma turned pale and said, "Lady, I'm just a merchant.

What can I do in opposition to the King? Let your husband leave the country for his safety."

Then she went to Veer-bahu and repeated the same thing to him. At once Veer-bahu reached for his shield and sword. He rushed to Dhaval's house and said in a great rage, "O friend! who is the scoundrel that poisoned the King's mind against you? Tell me at once, so that I can hack him to pieces with my sword!"

"No need for all that, my friend," Dhaval told him, smiling. "The minister has interceded on my behalf, and the King is now pacified."

"Now you know the difference between my friends," Dhaval told his wife after Veer-bahu's departure.





13

(Samarsen was separated from his men when he was taken prisoner by the men of Vyaghra-dutt. Vyaghra-dutt wanted to know from Samarsen where a certain magic Trident was hidden. Samarsen would have died on account of his ignorance, if two unknown men did not rescue him in the middle of the night and took him away.)

WHEN Samarsen and his two rescuers reached the village, the whole place was in a commotion. With drawn swords, Vyaghra-dutt's soldiers were carrying out house-to-house searches. Several of the villagers were so scared that they were running away into the hills and forests around to escape the soldiers. Some of the soldiers were asking the villagers, "Where's Siva-dutt?" And when the villagers replied, "We don't know," the soldiers were getting angry and turning nasty.

Samarsen and his rescuers saw these things from some distance. They gave up the idea of going into the village, and hid behind trees, watching things. Samarsen wondered who Siva-dutt was.

CHANDAMAMA



"Why do these soldiers pester the villagers for news of Siva-dutt? Who is he anyway?" Samarsen asked his companions.

"Siva-dutt is our leader," one of them replied. "It is on his orders that we have got you out of the prison. These soldiers who are menacing the village are Vyaghra-dutt's men."

This reply did not set Samarsen's mind at rest. He was now tormented with another doubt: what did Siva-dutt want with

him? Why did he get him out of Vyaghra-dutt's clutches? Were they both enemies? If they were, what was the cause of their enmity?

"What are we supposed to do now?" Samarsen asked his companions.

The two men looked at each other in such a manner that Samarsen guessed that they themselves did not know what was to be done.

"Siva-dutt told us," one of them said, "that we should bring you here. Of course, he desired to be friends with you. But, somehow, Vyaghra-dutt seems to have learnt the secret of Siva-dutt's residence in this village. Evidently Siva-dutt had scented danger and slipped away."

Which way did Siva-dutt go? Unless Samarsen and his rescuers knew the answer there was the risk of their falling into the hands of Vyaghra-dutt's soldiers. As they stood puzzled as to



what to do, there was a soft whistling sound in their rear. They turned back and saw a man hiding in a tree and beckoning them by waving his hands.

The man was not quite visible. Samarsen could not have said whether he was friend or foe. He was left with the choice of being guided entirely by the discretion of his rescuers.

One of the men with Samarsen whistled once and the man in the tree whistled twice.

"He is a friend," said the man turning to Samarsen. "His reply is correct. Only Siva-dutt's followers know the correct signal. Let us go!"

The three of them came out of their hiding place and went towards the tree. In the meantime the man in the tree, too, came down. "Siva-dutt left me here to contact you," he said, looking towards the village which was now in utter confusion. "Vyaghra-dutt's men surrounded





the village in the early hours of the morning. But Siva-dutt got the news in time, and he escaped with his men. I alone stayed behind, waiting for you."

This message seemed to put new life into Samarsen's rescuers, though, of course, they were still to know whither Siva-dutt departed, and how they could join him.

"This is Samarsen," they said to the new man. "We have taken him out of Vyaghra-dutt's prison. He must meet Siva-dutt

urgently. Do you know where he is? Can you lead us there?"

"I'm sorry, I don't know where Siva-dutt is," the other replied. "But he has given me this map. He said his hiding place is marked in it. I don't know how to read it. You had better see for yourself." He produced a roll of paper out of his dress and handed it to Samarsen.

Samarsen unrolled the map and examined it closely. On the map were marked some hills, a few houses, wells and ponds, but Siva-dutt's hiding place was not marked in it, nor were there any hints suggesting it.

"Perhaps Siva-dutt retreated to the desolate region this map indicates," Samarsen said. But I can't imagine why he thought of going to such a place while danger threatened him. In any case, we too have to go to this region."

The others nodded their heads. The task of leading them by the

help of the map fell upon Samarsen. He took one more look at the village, which was now on fire. Frustrated in their search, Vyaghra-dutt's soldiers had set fire to the village, and were enjoying the sight.

Samarsen toyed with the idea of attacking Vyaghra-dutt's soldiers, but he had very meagre support. So there was nothing for him to do except go in search of this Siva-dutt, and to find out if he had anything to tell him.

Samarsen glanced at the map again and began to lead the men. He had to be his own compass, and lead the men correctly. Also, he had to watch out for contingents of Vyaghra-dutt's soldiers from whom only danger was to be expected.

Having walked through the forest for some time, they emerged onto a region of rocks and hills. A landscape uneven with hillocks stretched before them. There were no signs of footpaths



or habitations. It was just a wilderness of rocks.

Samarsen climbed onto a height and looked around. He found one or two passes in the hills and a level ground. He wanted to reach the level ground, hoping to find the way forward when he went there.

They descended the hill. It was a desolate and awe-inspiring locality with huge rocks scattered all over it, and small bushes here and there. The dwellings marked



in the map were nowhere to be seen. Nor was there any path which led them forward.

At length Samarsen and the men came upon a very queer scene. On the side of a steep hill was carved a devilish head, and from the mouth of this head a jet of water was gushing out in a stream. The head was quite well carved and the stream appeared to originate in the head. This would have been a queer sight anywhere, but in this particular place it appeared quite unbelievable.

"This is really amazing," Samarsen said. "No man seems to be inhabiting this region, and yet that head was carved by man." The men said nothing. They went on gazing at the falling stream, as Samarsen did, in wonder.

Shrewdly Samarsen looked for, and found, a tunnel in the rock behind the waterfall. He referred to the map again, and saw a



mark which probably indicated the waterfall. He was almost certain that Siva-dutt hid himself here. It was really an excellent hiding spot. Samarsen, followed by the three men, waded in the knee-deep stream and reached the tunnel behind the waterfall.

In the tunnel it was pitch-dark, but as they proceeded along, it grew lighter. Presently they emerged out of the tunnel and found themselves on level ground. It was surrounded on all sides

by high hills. Samarsen saw that there were plenty of peacocks there. Some were dancing, while others were flying and uttering cries.

"Bless me! I never saw so many of these peacocks in my entire life," Samarsen said to himself. Even to the men who accompanied him this place was singularly strange.

But they could not stand there forever watching the beauty of peacocks and peahens. They had to contact Siva-dutt first.

They walked forward towards a cave in the hill opposite. As they neared it, there was a loud trumpeting sound, and a moment

later an elephant rushed out of the cave.

Neither Samarsen nor the men were prepared for this. As the elephant rushed at them, they scattered away in different directions.

Samarsen who took refuge behind a huge boulder and thought within himself that the elephant must have faced some serious danger before it shot out of the cave so madly. Who could have frightened the elephant? What was there in the cave? Was it possible that he failed to make correct use of the map left by Siva-dutt?

(To be continued)





The Needy

WHILE Brahma-dutt ruled Banaras, Bodhisatva was born to a poor Brahmin of a certain village. He was named Soma-Dutt. His father cultivated the small bit of land which he had, and maintained his family somehow.

Soma-dutt came of age, and his heart was filled with pity for his old father who broke his back working on the land from morning till night. In order to bring happiness to his aged father he thought of getting education and then employment. He could of course share his father's drudgery, but that would not add to the income since the land was very small. So he said to his father, "I shall go to Taksha-sila and obtain learning."

Soma-dutt went to Taksha-sila and studied under a guru. After completing his studies, he returned home. His father was still labouring on the land with the help of a couple of bullocks. He could not tolerate this state of affairs even for a moment. The very next day he proceeded to Banaras and found employment in the court.

Soon after, one of the bullocks died, and Soma-dutt's father became helpless. The bull had been supporting him and was being supported by him for a long time, and now it was dead. He thought of his educated son employed in the King's Court. Surely he could obtain the gift of a bullock for him from the King. The old man made the

journey to Banaras and met his son, Soma-dutt.

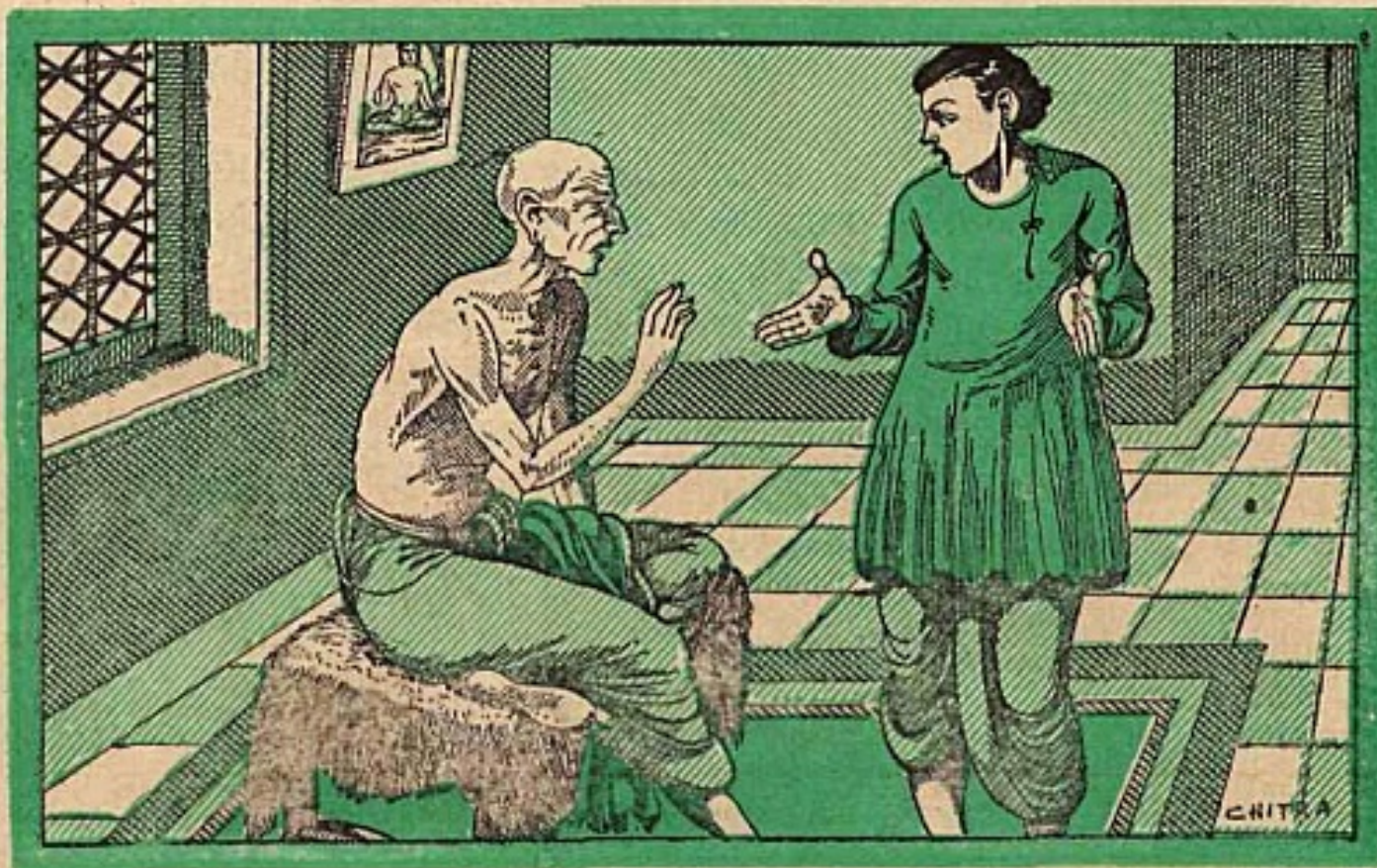
"O father," Soma-dutt said, "You are too old to toil, and so is mother. Why don't you both come and stay with me? You'll be comfortable."

"No, son", the old man replied. "I've lived on that bit of land, and I intend to die there. Get me the gift of a bullock, and I shall live happily, cultivating my land. I won't be happy here."

Now, Soma-dutt was in employment only for a short time. He had not put by enough

to buy a bullock for his father. And he felt delicate to approach the King begging for gifts so soon; the King might take him for a greedy man.

"Father," he said, "if I ask the King for a bullock, he may ask me why I want it, for whom I want it and so on. In any case, it is not fit for the employees of the court to beg favours. You are free from such regulations. Tell the king what happened and beg him for the gift of a bullock. The King won't deny you."



“Son, I’m a villager, an old man. I don’t know anything except driving the plough,” the old man said. “How can I enter the King’s court, face the King and ask him something? I’d die of fright first. I wouldn’t know how to word the request even. So don’t put me to all this trouble. Ask the King yourself.”

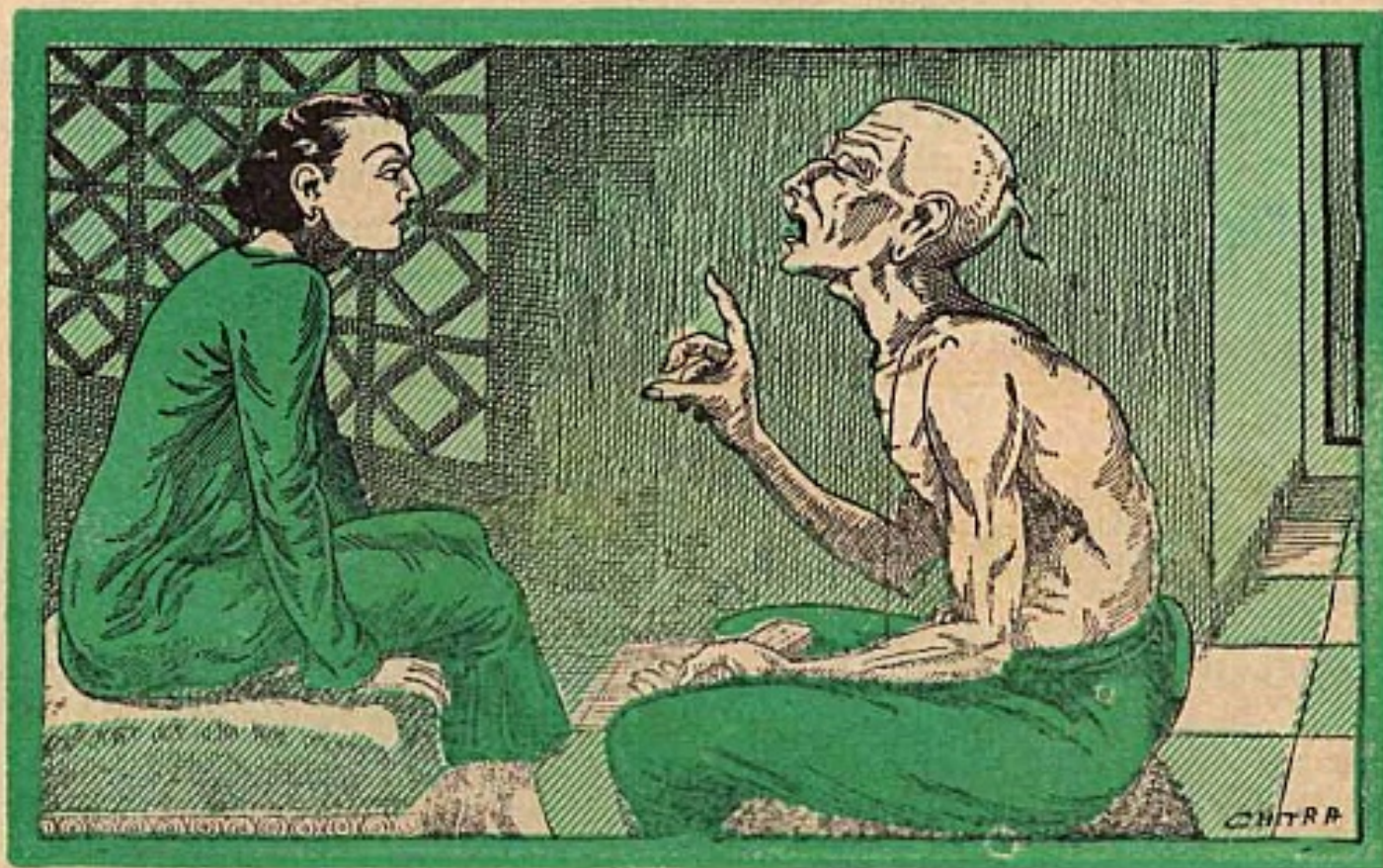
“Then,” said Soma-dutt, “I’ll make the task easy for you. I shall write a verse. Get it by heart and recite it before the King. He will give you what you want.”

The old man agreed to this arrangement. Soma-dutt wrote the following verse and gave it to his father:

“द्वे मे गोणा महाराज,
ये हि खेत्तं वस मसे ।
तेसु एको मतो देव,
दुत्तयं देहि खलिय ।”

(“O King, I used to have two bullocks. I was tilling the land with their help. Now one of them is dead. So, O King, give me another.”)

With great difficulty the old man got this verse by heart, with his son’s help.



Then Soma-dutt took him to the Court along with him. According to his son's instructions, the old man folded his hands to the King as well as the ministers, and stood expectantly.

"Who are you?" the King asked him. "What do you desire?"

At once the old man began to recite the verse which he obtained from his son. But in his confusion he made a mistake and recited as follows:

“द्वे में गोणा महाराज !
ये हि खेतं कसामसे ;
तेसु एको मतो देव,
दुतियं गण्ड खत्तिय । ”

Everyone burst out laughing, and Soma-dutt bowed his head in shame. For, instead of saying, "Give me another bullock," the

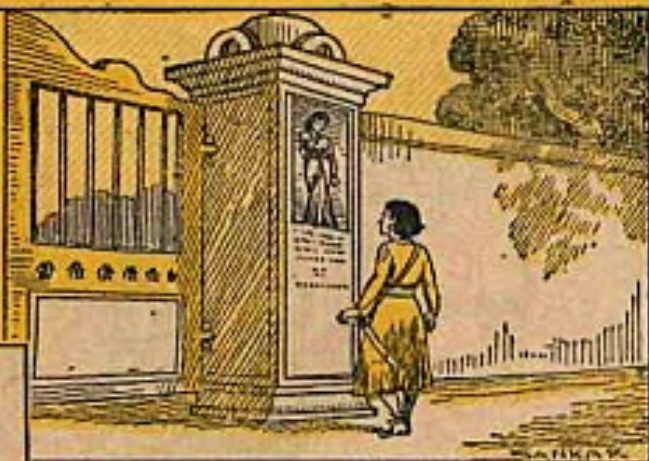
old man said, "Take the other bullock."

"Is it to offer me your second bullock that you have come all the way here?" the King jokingly asked the old man.

"Yes, sire," the old man replied boldly. "It has given me enough trouble already." Then he narrated to the King what took place.

The King was most pleased with the behaviour of Soma-dutt. Every employee in the court was in the habit of begging petty favours from the King on some pretext or other. Even in dire need Soma-dutt would not do that. The King ordered eight pairs of oxen to be dressed and decorated. Then he gifted them to the old man.





The Three Brothers

TALA-DHWAJA, the King of Kanya-kubja had three sons, Pushpa-ketu, Chitra-Bhanu and Pingala. Eager to see the South, they started on a tour and eventually reached the Dominion of Women. Pushpa-pura was the capital of this country, and Ratnamakuta was its Queen.

The princes rented a big building for a lodge and went sight-seeing into the city, each by himself. Pingala, the youngest of them, was going along a street, when he saw the portrait of a charming girl at the gate of a palace. Underneath the portrait was an announcement. It said: "This portrait belongs to a noble maiden called Maharajaratna. If any learned young man wants to marry her, he will have

to reply to her queries which will be conveyed to him through symbols. He who succeeds in the test can marry her, but he who fails will have to become a slave-labourer. If the condition is agreeable, ring the bell."

Pingala was so enamoured of the girl in the portrait that he wanted to marry her, and rang the bell. A few maids came out of the house, welcomed him warmly, escorted him to a room and went away. Soon they returned with a number of leaf-buds on a platter. "Please let us know your reply," they asked him showing him the platter. Pingala failed to know what the question was, and how to reply to it.

He had to accept defeat. Some men took him away into a



garden, where he had to change into working clothes and start digging. He was a slave.

Pushpa-ketu returned to the lodge that evening and saw that his two brothers were not back. He spent the night alone, and early next morning he went out looking for them. He went along new streets and soon came to the palace with the portrait of Maharaja-ratna at the gate. He read the announcement, made friends with the servants of the house, and learnt that a young man resembling him had desired

to marry the noble maid and ended by becoming a slave in the gardens. Pushpa-ketu was certain that the victim was Pingala. He decided that he must defeat this girl and liberate his brother.

Yet, he did not ring the bell. He found out the name of the best pandit in Pushpa-pura, and paid a visit to him. "Sir," he said to the pandit respectfully, "I was told that you possess very rare books. Can I have a look at them?" The pandit was glad to show him his collection.

But Pushpa-ketu found only one book which was unfamiliar to him. It was "Nagara-sarwaswa", written by a Buddhist monk called Padma Sri. It had a chapter on symbols, and Pushpa-ketu read it four or five times. Then he came back to the palace and rang the bell.

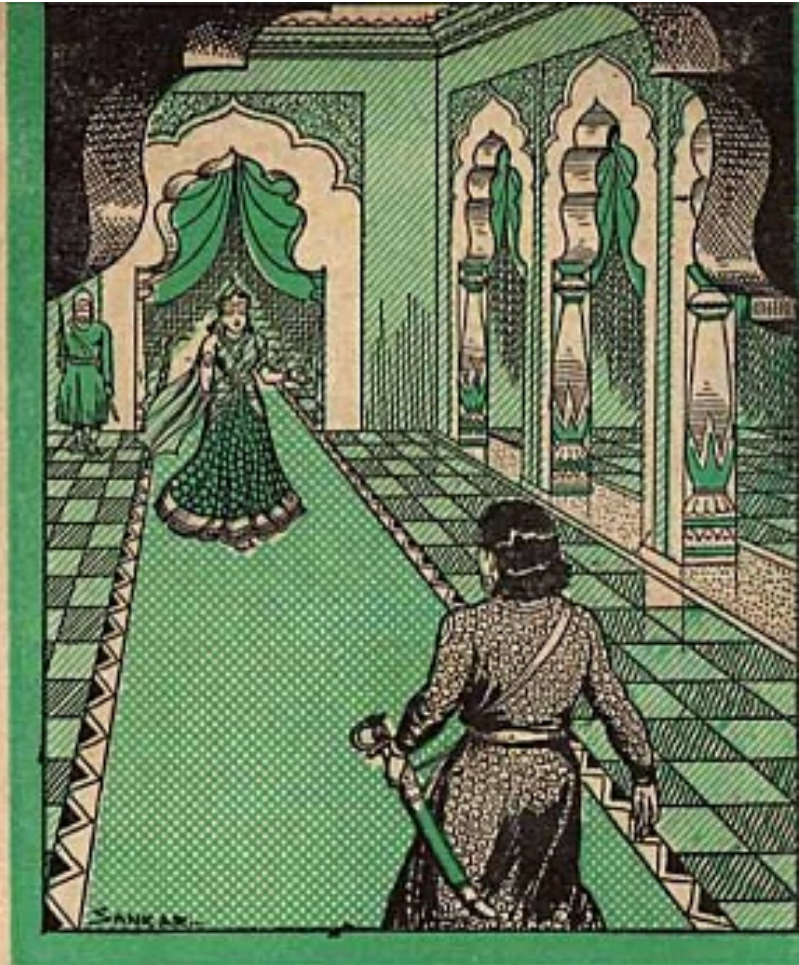
The maids came out and received him. They sat him in a room, went out and returned with leaf-buds on a platter. "What's your answer?" they asked him. Pushpa-ketu recollected the line, "And the leaf-bud

asks you about your caste," and replied that he was a Kshatriya. Some more questions followed, and Pushpa-ketu answered all of them correctly. When the maids came to him for the last time it was to tell him that their mistress wanted to see him.

Pushpa-ketu followed them into a room which was gorgeously decorated. As he entered, a young lady rose from a seat of gold and said to him, "You're welcome. At long last I found one who could answer all my questions. I'm willing to marry you."

Pushpa-ketu was taken by surprise. For this girl was not Maharaja-ratna. She was much more attractive, and her crown and ornaments indicated royalty.

"Was it you that sent the questions?" he asked her. "But you are not Maharaja-ratna!" "No," she replied. "But it was I that sent you the questions. You see, I'm the Queen Ratna-makuta. Maharaja-ratna is a close friend of mine. I borrowed her name so that no one would

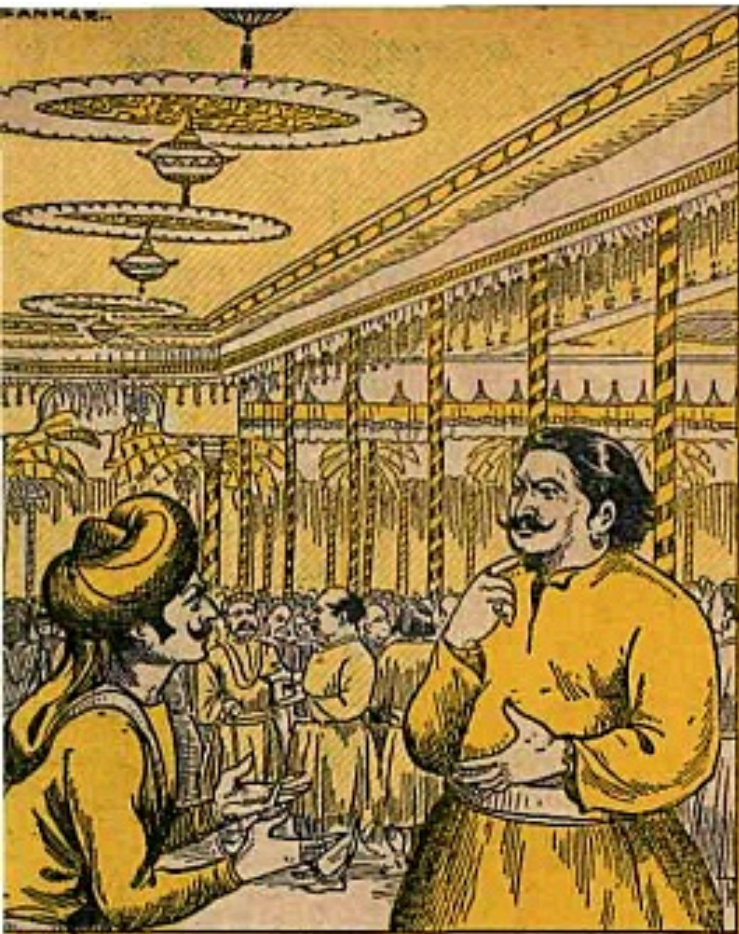


know that I was seeking a husband."

"Well," he said, "it makes no difference to me. But a brother of mine who was defeated by you yesterday is doing hard labour in your garden. Be so kind as to let him off."

Ratna-makuta laughed gaily and said, "So he is your brother? My girl friend is very much in love with him. Their marriage shall take place together with ours."

Chitra-bhanu who had gone to see the city the previous day also



managed to get a bride in an exceedingly queer manner.

In that city there lived a multimillionaire called Mani-mantha. His only child, Urmila was brought up like a princess amidst all possible luxuries. Withal the girl was so exceedingly lovely, that her father was hard put to it to find a proper husband for her. Lakhs of rupees were spent on this search, and at last the rich man found a boy. This boy was the son of Ratna-pada, a great tradesman of the Suka Isle. The betrothal took place and the day

of marriage was fixed six months hence, so that the parties had enough time to make adequate preparations for the marriage. Mani-mantha was told that if he missed that *muhurt* there was no auspicious day for three years to come.

Mani-mantha carried out preparations for the marriage on an astounding scale. He made arrangements to lodge ten thousand guests, got pandals erected over several acres of ground, and, as for the entertainments, there was no counting them.

At long last the day of marriage arrived. Thousands of visitors came to witness the function. But there was no sign of the bridegroom's party. The *muhurt* was almost at hand, when the messengers, sent to the coast to bring news of the arriving ships, returned hastily with the news that the party from Suka Isle had a disastrous crossing, that their ships hit the rocks, and were sunk in the sea.

Mani-mantha was flabbergasted by the news. After making

all those preparations and inviting all the guests, how could he drop the marriage? He went amongst the numberless guests and looked around. His gaze fell upon Chitra-bhanu, who came there to see the marriage. Mani-mantha called him aside and said to him, "Young man, be my son-in-law and save me from disgrace. I'm worth ten crores, and this girl is my only child." Chitrabhanu informed him that he was a prince himself, agreed to marry Urmila, and the marriage took place.

On the tenth day after the marriage the party from Suka Isle arrived, in a strength of ten thousand, quite hale and healthy! Mani-mantha, went to Ratna-pada, the father of the bridegroom, and told him everything.

"It's all your mischief," the other said in anger. "It was true that our ships grazed some rocks hidden under the waters, and sprang a few leaks. But we got over the trouble by throwing excess loads overboard and closing the leaks with tar. We



arrive after so many troubles, and find that you have betrayed us and put us to shame! Who do you think I am?"

"You've come too late for the *muhurt*, anyway," Mani-mantha protested.

"*Muhurt* my foot!" Ratna-pada rejoined. "When a marriage is performed *that is muhurt*."

Both of them quarrelled fiercely. "You'll rue this!" Ratna-pada threatened. Mani-mantha returned home with a heavy heart. Ratna-pada had ten thousand men with him.

Mani-mantha found support from an unexpected quarter. Chitra-bhanu said to him, "Don't worry, sir, I shall deal with this Ratna-pada myself."

Ratna-pada was as good as his word. One day thousands of his men marched on Mani-mantha's house, armed with sticks and lathis. The pandals were not yet removed and the guests were not gone. Mani-mantha was really scared. But Chitra-bhanu drew his sword and attacked the ten thousand single-handed. He slew some and the rest took to their heels.

Ratna-pada brought charge against Mani-mantha before the Queen. The Queen could not decide as to who was guilty. She sought the advice of her husband, Pushpa-ketu.

Pushpa-ketu asked Mani-mantha's son-in-law to be brought to the court. The men who went to fetch him, returned and reported, "Sir, he refuses to come!"

Pushpa-ketu was enraged at the audacity of the man. Accompanied by Pingala and a few armed soldiers, he went to Mani-mantha's house. Chitra-bhanu, drew his sword and stood in the street, ready for a fight. But when they came near, he recognized his own brothers.

The three brothers were brought together and told each other their experiences. Pushpa-ketu took a lenient view of Ratna-pada's aggressiveness, because he had already suffered a good deal during his voyage. He made Mani-mantha pay Ratna-pada the expenses of his journey.



DISTANT PLANETS

LONG, long ago our ancestors named the days of the week after the Sun, the Moon, Mars, Mercury, Jupiter, Venus and Saturn. If they were not aware of the other planets that revolve around the Sun, it was because they were too far away to be noticed. They were discovered during recent times.

Uranus was discovered in 1781. It is about 1,782 million miles from the Sun. Its diameter is 31,000 miles. Moving at the rate of 260 miles an hour, it takes 84 years to go round the Sun once.

Neptune was discovered in 1846. It is 33,000 miles in diameter, and is at a distance of 2,793 million miles from the Sun. Moving with a speed of 186 miles an hour, it makes a round of the Sun in 165 years.

Pluto was discovered on March 13, 1930. It is 3,670 million miles away from the Sun. It takes 248 years to make a round of the Sun, moving at the rate of 120 m.p.h.

These planets are so far away that they are visible only through powerful telescopes. From Pluto the Sun probably looks just like a very bright star.

Even Uranus the nearest of these distant planets gets only a third of one per cent of the light and heat the Earth receives from the Sun. So these planets are frozen bodies.

Of these Uranus has 5 moons revolving round it and Neptune has 2, while Pluto has no moons. Recently it is being doubted whether Pluto is one of the planets at all. Granting that it is one of the planets, the light of the Sun takes five and half hours to reach Pluto, whereas it take some 8 minutes to reach the Earth. From this we can understand how far away the most distant planet Pluto is from the Sun. But the light of the Sun will have to travel nearly four and half years before it can reach another heavenly body, the nearest star.



THREE QUESTIONS

A certain King once asked himself, "When is the right time to begin anything? Whose advice should I seek? What is the most important thing to do?" He thought that he would never fail if he knew the right time, the right man and the right thing to do, always. He proclaimed all over his kingdom that he would give great gifts to anyone who answered his questions.

Having heard the proclamation, many wise men went to the King. But they answered his questions each in a different manner.

To the question regarding the right time for starting anything, some said that the almanac should be consulted; some other said that the right time was different

for different things; yet others suggested that things should be undertaken in the order of their importance.

To the question regarding the right person to consult or engage, some suggested the ministers; some, the good Brahmins; and some, the vassals who would always help in case of war.

The best duty was acquiring scientific knowledge according to some; doing good works, according to others; and making war, according to some others.

Among the various answers, not one impressed the King. There was a holy man living in the woods adjoining the capital. The King thought he would put the questions to the sacred man, and get his replies.

(ADAPTED FROM TOLSTOY)

But the holy man never left his hermitage. Only common people could go to the hermitage and see him. So the King rode in simple clothes towards the hermitage, accompanied by his retinue. At the outskirts of the hermitage grounds, he got down from his horse, told his men to wait for him, and went on foot towards the cottage of the holy man.

In the garden in front of the cottage, the King saw the holy man digging. He received the greetings of the King and went on digging, without a word.

"Sir," said the King to the holy man, "I've come to know your answers to three questions. What is the right time to start any work? Who is the right person to deal with regarding the work? And what is one's duty?"

The holy man stopped digging while the King spoke, but, as soon as the King stopped, he resumed digging, without saying anything. The holy man was a very old man. He was very weak on account of frequent fastings



and meagre eating. "Sir, you rest awhile, and let me do the digging," the King said to him. The holy man handed the crowbar to the King and squatted on the ground.

After digging for some time the King repeated his questions. Instead of answering the King, the holy man stood up and made to take the crowbar from the King. But the King did not yield it to him. Till sunset the King went on digging. When the work was finished, the King laid the crowbar aside and said, "Sir, I

came to see you because you are a wise man. I thought you could give correct answers to my questions. If you cannot answer me, tell me so and I shall go away."

"Someone is coming!" the holy man said. "Let us find out who he is." The King turned and saw a man running. He was pressing his stomach with one hand, and blood was gushing between his fingers. Coming near the man uttered a groan and fell down unconscious. The King and the holy man undressed him and found a wound in his

stomach. The King washed the wound until it stopped bleeding. Then the man regained consciousness and asked for a drink. The King went into the cottage and brought some water and gave it to the man.

Now it was dark. The King and the holy man carried the wounded man into the cottage and laid him on a bed. The man closed his eyes and slept. The King too was quite tired after the digging, he leaned against the wall and fell asleep. When he woke up next morning, he did



not know, for a time, where he was. He found the man in the bed staring at him steadily.

Seeing that the King was awake, the man got off his bed, approached the King, and said, "O King, forgive me!"

"I know not who you are," the King said. "Why should I forgive you?"

"You don't know me, but I know you. Sometime back you got my brother hanged, and confiscated his property. Since then I bore a grudge against you, and swore to kill you. I was your

enemy. I learnt that you went to see the holy man, and hid in a thicket in order to kill you while you came back. I waited a long time, but you didn't come back. Then I came out of the thicket and came searching for you, and your guards saw me and attacked me. I escaped from them with a wound, but, had you not washed the wound, I should have died of bleeding. I wanted to kill you, but you saved my life. If you wish that I should live I shall serve you faithfully all my life, along with my sons."



The King was glad that he made friend of a foe so easily. He told the man that he would get him treated by the royal physician, and restore to him his brother's property.

The King came out of the cottage and saw the holy man planting seeds in the beds that were dug the previous day. The King greeted the holy man, and said, "Sir, you've not answered my questions."

"They were already answered for you," said the holy man smiling. "If you did not stay away digging the beds because of pity for me, you'd have gone away, and got killed by that man. So the most important time was when you were digging the beds, I was the most important man for you, and doing me

good was the most important duty for you. Later, the man came running, wounded. Then the most important time was when you attended to his wound, he was the most important person, and doing him good was the most important duty. Remember, the most important time is *now*! Because, that is the time over which you have command, and you never know what happens later. The most important man is he who is with you. You never know whether you'll have dealings with another or not. And the most important duty is going to his help. For that alone we are given this life!"

The King was immensely satisfied with these answers, took leave of the holy man and returned home.





Mother and Daughter

5

THAT evening the merchant who owned the house returned home with his servant, and was surprised to see the door unlocked. However, he found that the house was not robbed.

The servant went to the well and dropped the bucket in to draw water for his master's bath. But when he pulled on the rope the bucket seemed to be so heavy that he screamed, "Ghost!" and ran inside the house, leaving the bucket in the well. The merchant went to the well with a lamp, and saw "Quicksilver," coming out of the well with the help of the rope.

"Scoundrel!" shouted the merchant. "Who are you? what

are you doing in my well? Answer me, or I shall turn you over to the guards!"

"Sir," Ali replied gently, "what country is this? Which town? I belong to Egypt. While bathing in the Nile, I was sucked into a whirlpool. I do not know how deep I sank, but when I came to the surface again, I found myself in your well!"

The merchant was taken in by this. "It's most amazing!" he exclaimed. "My friend, you are in Baghdad. You've come a long way, let me tell you. I shall give you warm clothes for the night. You can eat and rest in my house tonight, and be on your way home in the morning."

M. RADHAKRISHNA

Ahmad was greatly relieved to see "Quicksilver" again. Worried about the mysterious absence of his disciple, he had not eaten the previous night, nor did he have a wink of sleep. Early in the morning he called Hasan and sought his advice. "Quicksilver" returned while they were still talking.

He told them both about his experience. In the end Hasan smiled and remarked, "There's only one young lady in the entire city of Baghdad, who is capable of playing such a trick. It's

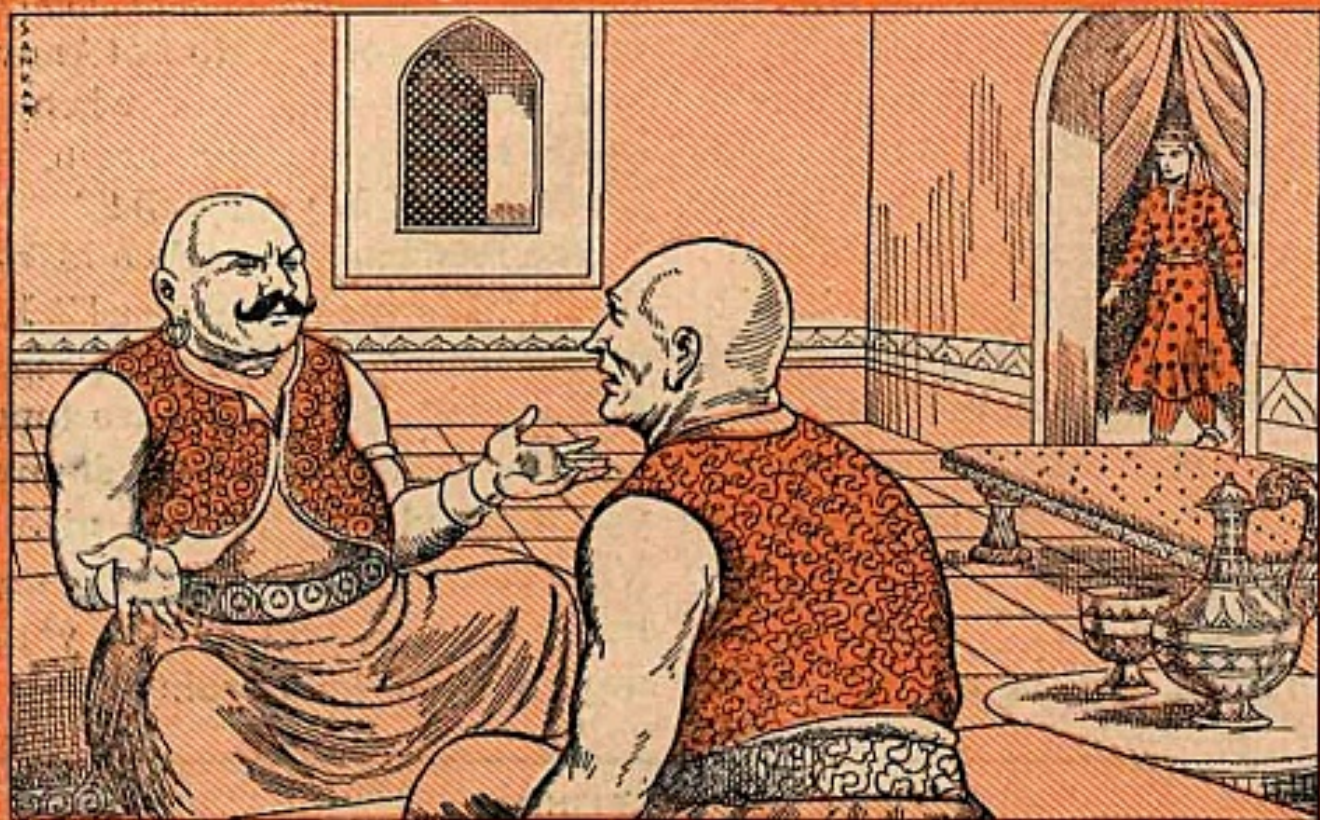
Zenab, the daughter of Delilah who runs the pigeon post. What do you propose to do to her?" he asked Ali.

"Marry her!" Ali replied.

"After what she has done to you?" Hasan asked in surprise.

"I can pardon her even if she did more than this," Ali replied sincerely. "I've nothing more to desire in this world, if I can make her my wife."

"Such a desire must be gratified," Hasan said. "You are also an attractive fellow. You'll be a well-matched couple."



"Help the boy, Hasan," Ahmad put in.

Hasan elaborated to "Quick-silver" Ali a plan of action.

Ali blackened his entire body like a negro, put on a negro costume, took a certain quantity of *bhang* and some money, and went to the vegetable market. There he sought Delilah's cook, and said to him, "Brother, I am a stranger to this city. The moment I saw you, I felt you are my own brother. Let us go to a drinking place and drink to our friendship."

"I can't spare a moment," replied Delilah's cook. "Why don't you come to our house? You can have plenty to drink and plenty to eat."

That was really what "Quick-silver" desired most. He accompanied the negro to Delilah's house and entered the kitchen. At that moment Delilah and Zenab came to have their meal. The cook got ready the dishes and drinks which he took one by one to the mother and daughter, as well as the negro slaves. The moment the cook went out





of the kitchen, "Quicksilver" added *bhang* to the drinks and dishes.

Soon his work was accomplished, and Delilah, Zenab, the forty negro slaves, the negro cook, and even the forty hounds were under the powerful influence of the *bhang*.

"Quicksilver" had no one to stop him from roaming all over the house. He took the official dress of Delilah, her golden cap, and red uniforms of the forty slaves, and made a bundle of them. He put all the carrier

pigeons in a cage. Then he wrote on a placard, "This is the work of the brave 'Quicksilver' Ali and none else," and returned back to Ahmad's house with the bundle and the cage.

It was getting dark when Delilah came to. She saw the message left by "Quicksilver". On making a thorough search of the house, she realised that he made away only with things pertaining to the Khalifa.

Delilah pondered well over what had happened. If this incident were to come to light, her prestige and position would be greatly undermined. There was no use of taking "Quicksilver" to task, for it was Ahmad who was behind the whole affair. The best course for her was to humble herself before Ahmad, and get back the stolen property. Ahmad need not bear her a grudge any longer. Delilah pulled Ahmad's leg by setting her daughter to fool "Quicksilver", and Ahmad retaliated by fooling her through the same youth. They were now quits. Delilah told her

daughter, "I shall be back soon," and went to see Ahmad.

By the time she arrived at Ahmad's house, Ahmad, Hasan, "Quicksilver" and the rest of them were dining. Ahmad and Hasan rose on seeing her, bowed to her respectfully, and invited her to sit with them and eat.

Delilah saw that what they were eating was pigeon, and her head reeled. "It's not proper on Ahmad's part," she said with a voice that trembled, "to steal the Khalifa's pet pigeons and eat them, because he bears a grudge against me. Even a thief should have some principles."

"We wouldn't have eaten them if we had known that they were carrier pigeons," said "Quicksilver", and everyone burst out laughing.

"Your pigeons are quite safe," said Hasan soothingly. "The entire property of the Khalifa is intact. You need not worry on that account. This young fellow here wants a small favour from you. Say yes, and everything will be restored back to you."



"What does he want?" Delilah asked. "You know that I'm a helpless old woman."

"This is quite within your capacity," Hasan said. "Ali wants to marry your daughter, Zenab."

"Ah, my good friends," Delilah said, relieved. "You shouldn't have put me to all this trouble if that is what he wants. I've no say in this matter. My elder brother Zuraik is her guardian until Zenab comes of age. It is he that should give consent for the marriage. You know

what a hard-boiled type of person he is. Let Ali solicit his consent."

"Quicksilver" said that he would see Zuraik, obtain his permission, and then marry Zenab. Delilah took her things and departed.

Delilah's elder brother, Zuraik was at one-time a renowned thief. In his time he was never once caught, tried or punished. He could carry out a robbery anywhere without moving an inch. He was now too old for thefts. So he opened a fried fish shop, and was carrying on business.

Though old he was still a tough person to tackle.

Zuraik had hit upon a scheme to attract customers. He hung up a bag containing a thousand dinars at the entrance of his shop, and made a public proclamation that those who could take the bag could keep it. Customers came to the shop in thousands and bought fried fish in the hope of lifting the bag. But no one ever succeeded in actually taking it. At the slightest touch upon the purse a number of bells and rattles made a



frightful noise, and Zuraik could always prevent theft even if he was in the farthest corner of the shop. He used to do this by hitting the thief with lead weights of which he had a large supply. Several persons got broken limbs because of those lead weights.

"Quicksilver" paid Zuraik a visit, told him that he was so-and-so, that he was staying with Ahmad, the Chief of Police, that he wanted to marry Zenab, and that he wanted Zuraik's consent for the same. But Zuraik flatly refused his consent to the mar-

riage; he said Ali was not good enough for his niece, Zenab.

So "Quicksilver" decided to get the old man's consent by taking the bag that contained the thousand dinars. To achieve this end, he disguised himself as a pregnant lady, and went to Zuraik's shop. While bargaining, he pretended labour pains so convincingly that Zuraik ran in to call his wife. At once Quicksilver reached out for the bag and the shop was filled with the noise of bells and rattles. Zuraik rushed into the shop, took a



lead weight, and threw it at Ali, who was running away. The weight hit Ali very hard, and he fell down in the street. Later he got up with a great effort and limped home.

The customers who watched this scene took Zuraik to task, saying, "What a beast you are! You attract innocent persons with your foul gold, and then you throw a lump of lead at a pregnant woman!"

Zuraik did not care for such talk. "I know what I'm doing," he said.

"Quicksilver" was hardly recovered from the blow when he again started for Zuraik's shop. He was prepared even to die in his efforts to gain Zenab's hand.

This time he disguised himself as a servant, took a bag and

went to the shop. "I want some hot fried fish," he said.

"If you want them hot," Zuraik said, "wait till I make the fire." Then he went into the back of the shop. At once Ali seized the bag, and the bells and the rattles went off.

Zuraik ran in shouting, "Do you think that I didn't recognise you, you blackguard?" He picked up a lead weight and threw it at Ali. But Ali ducked, and the weight struck a pot of curd on the head of the servant of a kadi passing in the street. The kadi who was walking behind his servant was splashed with curd all over his face and beard.

"Ah, the kadi will pay you with interest for your sinful money now!" the customers told Zuraik. (*To be concluded*)



MAN THE HUNTER

MAN of the Old Stone Age was essentially a hunter and meateater. It was hunting that gave him the urge to make tools and improve them, to make him quick and sharp in his perceptions and movements, and to develop as a social animal.

The primate ancestors of man were not carnivorous, but man had to acquire a taste for flesh because of the ice ages during which fruit trees disappeared and grass lands appeared.

For tens of thousands of years the spear was man's most important weapon. He sharpened one end of a stick with the stone axe and smoothed it with a scraper. Neanderthal man improved upon the pointed stick by attaching a flint head. This made Neanderthal man the best big-game hunter of the Old Stone Age. These Neanderthals became such experts in hunting that they could hunt even mammoths. Probably it took them a long time to ambush the mammoth, wound it with their spears, wait till it weakened with loss of blood, follow it around till it could move no further, then approach it and kill it. But the gain justified the trouble. The hunters were provided with large quantities of meat for food, huge skin for clothing, great tusks, and greasy bones for fuel.

To conduct such an operation large groups of men were required, and the group formed the primitive family. Probably several groups or families joined together and carried out hunting expeditions, laying the foundations of society.

In France a primitive hunting station was discovered where bones of about 100,000 wild horses were found scattered over an extensive area. This hunting ground existed some 25,000 years ago.

Man did not yet know the art of domesticating animals. He killed animals only for their meat and skins. But already men in large numbers were cooperating together to hunt the wild horses, wild bison and other animals in large herds. We have evidence of the animals hunted by the man of the Old Stone Age in the carvings and drawings left by them.

A black and white illustration with a reddish-brown tint. It depicts a man in traditional Indian attire, including a dhoti and a shawl, walking towards the left. He is carrying a large, pale, lifeless body (a corpse) over his right shoulder. He has a sword or dagger tucked into his belt. The background shows a gnarled tree on the left and a landscape with some distant figures or structures. The overall mood is somber and dramatic.

Substitute Bride

RESOLUTELY Vikram returned to the tree, took down the corpse, threw it across his shoulder and began to walk back to the burial-ground, in silence. "O King," said Bethal, "you seem to think too highly of human effort. Probably you haven't heard of the queer affair of Seela-vati. Let me tell it to you." And he began the following tale:

Yajna-dutta was an orphan boy. While still a kid he went to Banaras, acquired great learning, and leaving Banaras came to Visalpur in search of livelihood. Dharmapala, the king, engaged him in his court, found a wife for him and settled him in life. In the course of time Yajna-

Stories of Bethal

dutta's wife gave birth to a daughter who was named Seela-vati.

Now Seela-vati was a very attractive baby. On the occasion of the naming ceremony, the Queen saw her, and was at once seized with great maternal love. Day and night she kept the baby by her side, looked after all its wants, bathed it, dressed it and gloated over it.

Sometime later the Queen too gave birth to a daughter who was named Kalavati. Now she had a daughter of her own, and yet she clung to Seela-vati with all her

heart, treated her like an elder daughter, and could not bear to lose sight of her. Thus Seela-vati grew up in the palace all the time. Kalavati called her Sister. They were put under the same teacher for studies.

As Seela-vati grew up, her father, Yajna-dutta was worried about her, because she was being brought up more like a *Kshatriya* girl than a Brahman girl. She might insist upon choosing her husband from among a batch of suitors, and that would be too bad. So Yajna-dutta found a





suitable boy and decided upon marrying Seela-vati to him.

Seela-vati was greatly hurt when she heard about this marriage. Long ago she had made a pact with Kala-vati that they should both marry at the same time, that each should approve the other's husband and so on. All this arrangement was brought to naught on account of her father's decision. So Seela-vati decided to thwart this marriage.

One evening while returning home from the royal gardens, Seela-vati said to Kala-vati, "My

dear, I shall have a dip in the river and come. You go ahead." She went to the river, removed her clothes and placed them under a stone. Then she put on the clothes of a student-bachelor, unplaited her hair and tied it up in a knot, and walked away.

Kala-vati waited for her sister for a long time and then sent some men to the river. They found Seela-vati's clothes and reported her missing. It was assumed that Seela-vati was drowned. The palace as well as the Brahman's household was immersed in sorrow. Kala-vati told Yajna-dutta, "Sister was moody since her marriage was decided upon. I'm afraid she never approved of this marriage."

On hearing this the unhappy father was certain that Seela-vati committed suicide, and that he himself was the cause of it. He got disgusted with himself, and left the country with his wife.

Seela-vati journeyed on foot for several days and arrived at a village called Brahma-sthal. Some of the villagers asked her, "Who

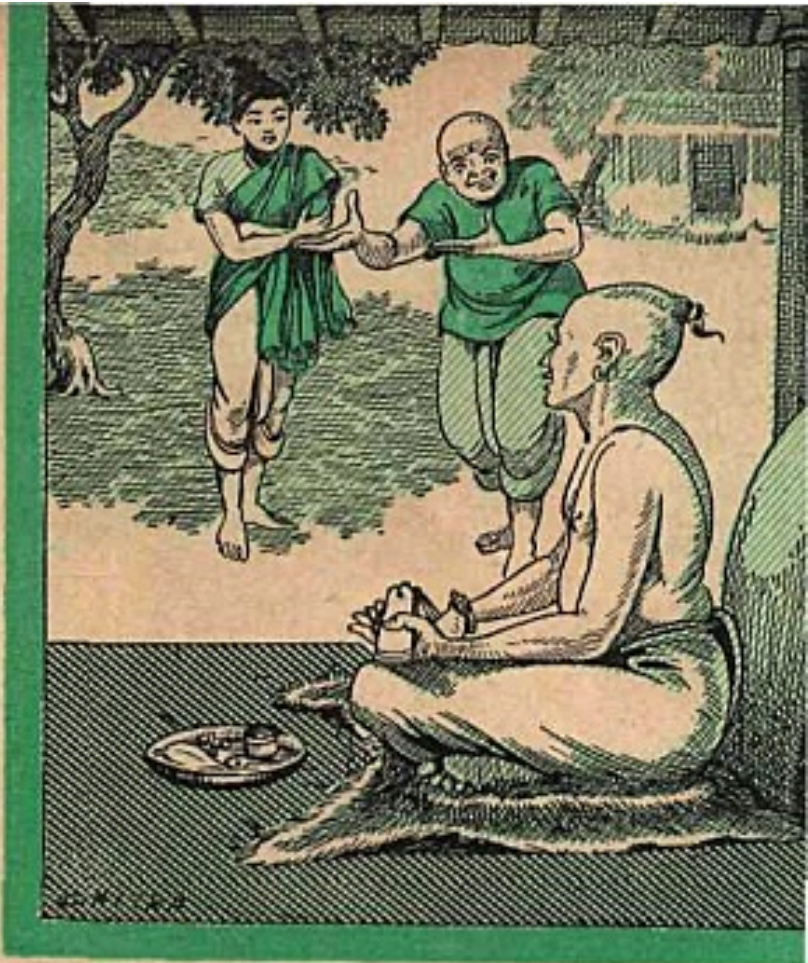
are you, young man? Whither do you go all by yourself?"

"Sirs," Seela-vati replied "I'm a poor bachelor. Kritavarma is my name. I'm an orphan. I go to Banaras to acquire learning."

"You needn't go as far if learning is all you need," the villagers told Seela-vati. "We have here a great pundit of Banaras called Soma-bhat. He can teach you everything."

They led Seela-vati to Soma-bhat's house. The great pundit was pleased with the bearing and behaviour of the young bachelor. He agreed to keep "him" in his house and impart education.

Now, Soma-bhat had a daughter to be married. Her name was Satya-vati. She was never a handsome girl, and an attack of small-pox made her not only horrid to look at but also blind in one eye. Soma-bhat never allowed the girl to be seen by others, while he looked for a husband for her. At last his efforts bore fruit and a good-looking bachelor called Vidya-bhaskar agreed to marry



Soma-bhat's daughter. The day of marriage was fixed. The boy sent word to Soma-bhat that he was coming to see the bride-to-be in person.

Soma-bhat was at a loss as to what to do. He thought up a bold plan. He called Seela-vati aside and said to her, "Look, my boy. I want some help from you. It's fortunate that boys of your country do not shave the head. You must dress yourself like a girl." Then he told her about his daughter and the tangle of her marriage.



Seela-vati was a bold girl. She was already passing off as a boy, and putting on another disguise was nothing for her. She agreed to her teacher's request. In time the would-be-bridegroom arrived. Seela-vati was dressed like a girl and Vidya-bhaskar was thunder-struck at the amazing beauty of his future wife.

Preparations for the marriage celebrations were afoot. Friends and relatives of Soma-bhat arrived from far-off places. Most of them had not seen his daughter at all. Soma-bhat showed

them Seela-vati as his daughter. He intended to carry on this deception until the *muhurt*, and then get the bridegroom to tie the *mangala-suthra* around his daughter's neck while she was hidden behind the screen.

The relatives of the bridegroom arrived to witness the ceremony. Satya-vati, the real bride, was kept in a basket in the dark chamber, while the false bride Seela-vati was employed for the purpose of performing Gowri worship, just before the *muhurt*. The bridegroom's people saw her and were quite happy.

After Gowri worship Soma-bhat placed Seela-vati in a basket and proceeded to take her to the dark chamber. "Where are you taking her?" the *purohit* shouted. "Bring her here. The *muhurt* is at hand."

Soma-bhat returned and said to the *purohit*, "Sir, it is our custom to hide the bride before marriage. The girl's maternal uncle does the hiding."

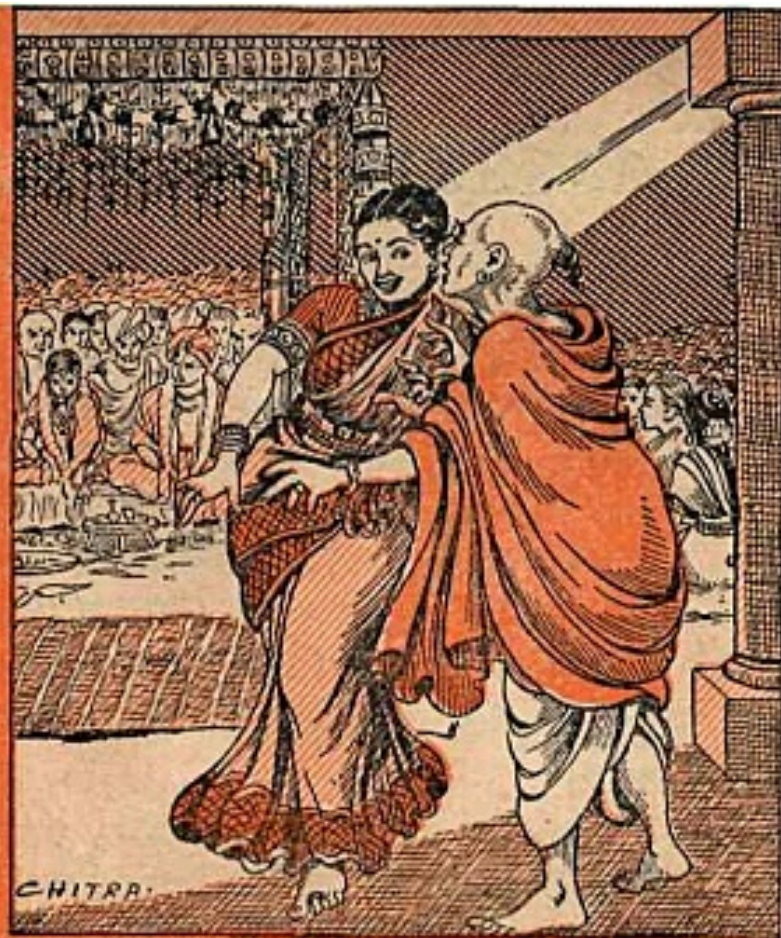
"We don't observe any such customs," the *purohit* said impa-

tiently. "In any case, there's hardly any time. Kindly bring the bride."

Soma-bhat turned to his brother-in-law, winked to him, and said, "All right, bring the bride." Soma-bhat's brother-in-law went into the dark chamber, felt around for the basket, found it and brought it to the place of marriage. The bride was sitting in the basket with her head bent down, and they noticed that it was Seela-vati who became the wife of Vidya-bhaskar, when it was too late, while she was being taken inside.

When Soma-bhat discovered the error, he was terribly upset. His ruse miscarried and his daughter was left unmarried. Also he was under the impression that Seela-vati was a boy. The bridegroom's people might discover this any moment, and there would be a big scandal. He must avoid the scandal at all cost.

He rushed inside, told Seela-vati to remove the disguise, and whispered something in his wife's ear. Soon Soma-bhat's wife came



out pretending to be possessed by their home-deity. "Why did you forget me?" she shouted in fearsome anger. "How dare you marry the girl without her worshipping me in the first place? See what I've done to her now!"

Everyone rushed inside and saw Satya-vati, the real bride. Soma-bhat pretended to be distressed by the change in the bride's appearance. But the guileless bridegroom consoled his father-in-law, saying, "It's just my ill luck, sir. Don't blame yourself. I've accepted her as my wife for

better or worse, and my wife she shall be all my life."

Just then Yajna-dutta arrived there with his wife. He and Soma-bhat were boyhood chums at Banaras. Soma-bhat told Yajna-dutta in confidence what all had happened. On seeing the substitute bride, Yajna-dutta recognised his daughter, Seela-vati.

Having narrated the story thus far, Bethal said, "O King, should Yajna-dutta have considered his daughter properly married? Or should he have kept quiet and let Vidya-bhaskar accept Satya-vati as his wife? If you know the answer and yet do not speak, your head shall split."

"Seela-vati is undoubtedly the real wife of Vidya-bhaskar,"

Vikram replied. "Vidya-bhaskar agreed to the marriage after seeing *her*. He tied the *mangal-suthra* around *her* neck. Finally he agreed to live with his ugly wife because to him she was still the *same* girl in a different form. As for Seela-vati, she went much further than her teacher wished. She played the bride right to the end without protesting. Thus she was a willing bride. So Yajna-dutta should tell his friend the truth about Seela-vati and confirm her marriage. If Soma-bhat came to know that Seela-vati was really a girl, he would never think of depriving her of her husband."

The King's silence was broken, and Bethal returned back to the tree with the corpse.

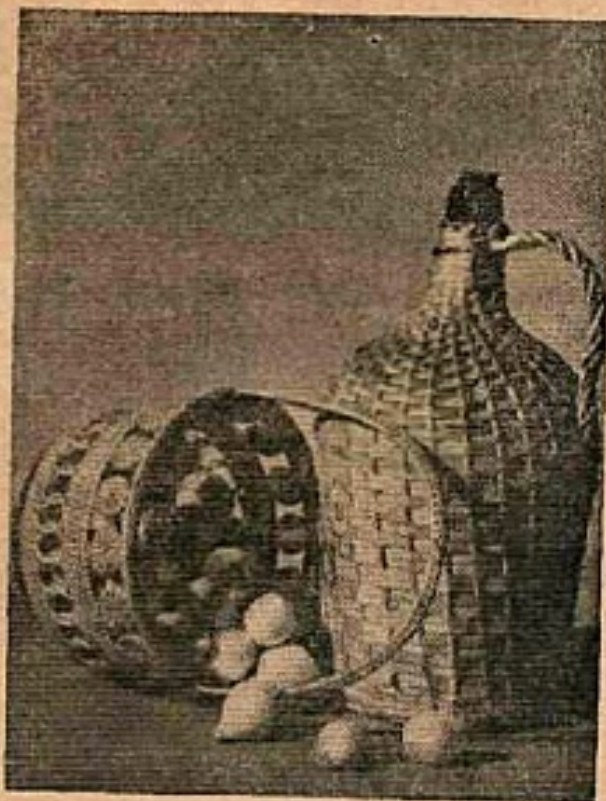


PHOTO CAPTION COMPETITION

SEPTEMBER 1956

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AWARD Rs. 10/-



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- ★ The captions should reach us before 10th of July '56.

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RESULTS FOR JULY

I. Photo: The Lively Red

II. Photo: The Newly Wed

Contributed by:

D. Sarla Rao, 135 Marredpalli, Secunderabad (Deccan)

AWARD Rs. 10



Prof: P. C. SORCAR

TO find out a selected card is another popular item of magic. There are many ways of doing this particular trick, but in my opinion the method given herewith will prove the easiest.

If you study the back of playing cards you will find that they come under two categories (a) one way deck and (b) two way deck. Some carry designs of flowers or persons or ships while others have either plain borders or check designs. Picture A, shows a few such cards. In the top row we have (1) a check design, (2) a flower design, (3) another check design and (4) a lady's head

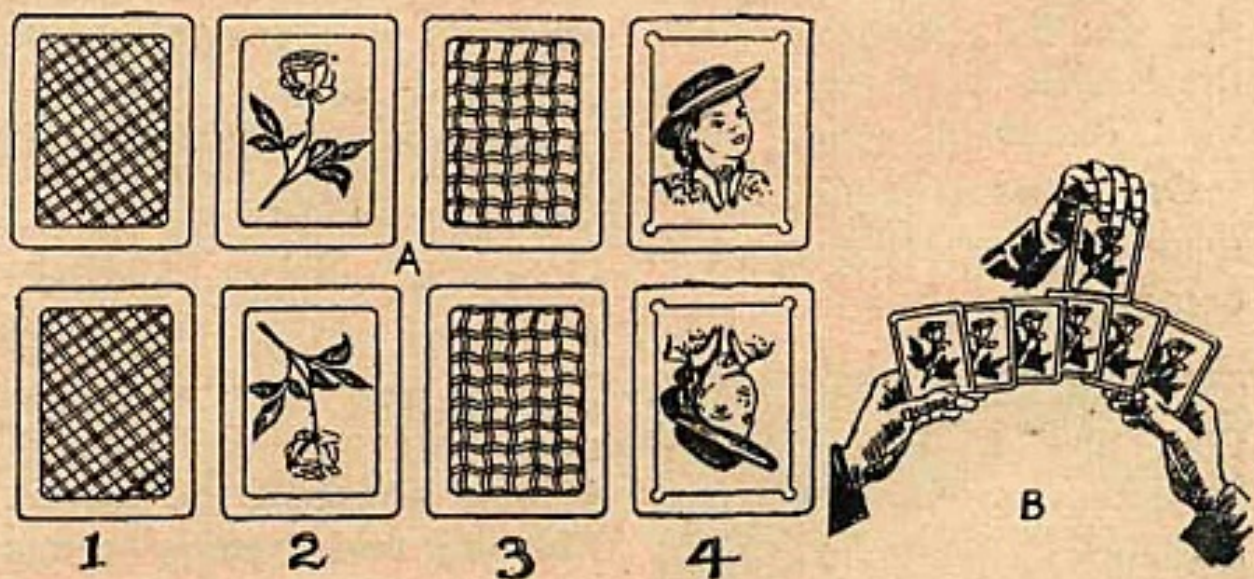
design. Now these four cards are turned upside down in the bottom row. Check designs (1 and 3) are not changed while 2 and 4 register change. So the cards which changed their positions (2 and 4) are one-way deck. And the designs that did not change or alter (1 and 3) are two-way decks. For this trick you must have one packet of one-way deck cards. If all cards in the market are studied you will easily find good one-way back decks. The common Great Moghul, Caravan and other packs, though very good, are not suitable for this trick as they are two-way decks. Usually

very costly cards have one-way backs.

Have one complete pack of one-way deck cards and arrange them all in one fashion *e.g.* all flowers facing the same way as in picture B. Having the entire cards so arranged the magician asks one among the audience to

hands of the magician are all face down whereas the card that is being returned is face up. So it is not at all difficult to find out the selected card from the pack because it is the only card found with the flower up.

Now it is clear that this trick is possible only with



select any card he likes. The selected card is shown in picture B. While the people in the hall are busy seeing this card the magician deftly reverses the position of the cards in his hands and asks the person to return the selected card to the pack deck. And now all the cards in the

one-way back cards. What about doing it with double backs or regular decks like the Great Moghul or Caravan? Some magicians put tiny ink spots at one end of the cards and make them one-way. Others make pencil marks and thus make it a marked pack.

THE BACK COVER

KING FOR A DAY - 5

THE old woman thought that her son was not quite himself and said, "Well, son. An odd thing happened yesterday. The governor of our quarter was impaled by the Khalifa's guards. Also, the Khalifa sent me a thousand dinars of gold."

On hearing this Abu's madness increased instead of coming down.



"Why then do you deny that I'm the Khalifa, you old hag?" he shouted. "It was I that got the governor impaled. It was I that sent you the thousand dinars. I'm the Khalifa!" He fell to beating his mother in his rage.

The old woman cried out, "Good people, save me from my mad son! He is killing me!" At once several people gathered there. Abu was seized and the stick in his hand was removed.

"Let go of me at once!" he yelled. "I'm the Khalifa. I can put you all to death."

Now everyone was sure that Abu was really mad. He was dragged to the asylum. Morning and evening he was thrashed with whips and sticks. After ten days of such "treatment" Abu was completely cured.

"I must be really Abu al-Hasan," he said to himself. "There is no other reason why everyone should consider me a mad man. Not even one recognises me as the Khalifa!"

His old mother was greatly worried about her only son. At last one day she came to see him in the asylum. "O Mother," Abu cried at the sight of her, "something possessed me, and I behaved like a fool."

His mother knew that Abu was now cured. She appealed to the officer of the asylum to permit Abu to be taken away.

Abu went home with his mother. He stayed at home till the wounds on his body were fully healed. When he got back to normal condition, he once again began to go out every evening and wait at the bridge for strangers who would be his guests.

One evening he saw the Mosul merchant coming into the city once again. Abu's troubles started only with this Mosul merchant. So Abu pretended not to notice him.

Now, the Khalifa, who was in the disguise of the Mosul merchant, had learned all that had happened to Abu al-Hasan, and wanted to

compensate him for all the trouble. So he approached Abu and said, "O Abu al-Hasan, how are you faring?"

"Sir," Abu replied. "I know not who you are. Go your way and leave me alone."

"You make me sad," the Khalifa said, "by forgetting our friendship so soon. I was very anxious to have your hospitality again. But you appear to be angry with me."

"You have done enough already," Abu replied. "I wish you leave me in peace!"

(To be continued)





NEWS ITEMS

On the eve of Buddha's 2,500 th anniversary, President Prasad made a broadcast to the nation emphasising the importance of Buddha's message of peace to the world which is menaced by atom and hydrogen-bombs. On the same day (May 22) Prime Minister Nehru laid the foundation-stone of the monument (at Delhi) to commemorate the anniversary.

On May 24, the actual celebrations began all over the country, with President Prasad, Prime Minister Nehru, Vice-President Radhakrishnan and others in the lead.

At Bodh Gaya, early in the morning, celebration started with beating of drums and cymbals, blowing of conches, and shenai music. Pilgrims from India, Pakistan, Burma, Ceylon, Combodia, Thailand, Viet Nam, Tibet, Nepal and France started in a big procession from the Mahabodhi Rest House to the 1700-year-old Bodh Gaya temple and then to the Mahabodhi Tree, where the Buddha was worshipped. The puja was conducted by Rev. Jagdish Kashyap, President of Buddha Mahasangh of Rajgriha.

Celebrations were held at Saranath, Sanchi and several other places. They will continue for six months.



The Japanese expedition under the leadership of 62-year-old Y. Maki conquered Manaslu, the third highest unscaled peak in the Himalayas. Manaslu is 26,458 feet high. During the past four years the Japanese had made two futile attempts to conquer this peak. They succeeded in this third attempt.

* * *

On May 15, an attempt to make rain artificially was successful at Mukerti, 17 miles from Ootacamund. A mixture of calcium and sodium chloride was vapourised through a huge funnel, and a fairly heavy shower came down three hours later. The experiment was directed by U. Anandarao.

* * *

The American army has developed a new vaccine which is expected to reduce incidence of respiratory diseases like influenza, pneumonia, sore throat and heavy cold. A trial of the vaccine on more than 350 recruits cut down the number of hospitalised cases of such ailments by more than 80 per cent.

* * *

On May 27, the Eighth All-India Sarvodaya Sammelan started at Sarvodayapuram near Kanchi. Over 5,000 delegates from all over the country attended the Sammelan over which Appa Saheb Patwardhan presided. The proceedings started with *sutra yajna* led by Vinoba Bhave.

* * *

Everest which has been conquered three years ago by Tenzing and Hillary, has been again conquered, this time by a Swiss expedition. The same expedition also reached the top of the 27,970-foot high Lhotse, for the first time.



Picture Story



WHILE going along the bazar one evening, Dass and Vass came upon a sweetmeat shop. Dass wanted to buy some sweets. But when they searched their pockets they found them quite empty. Just at that moment another boy who too had no money, stole a packet of sweets and ran off. "Tiger" chased him, and caught him. The shopkeeper was so well pleased with "Tiger" that he gave him the packet.





Winning
Caption

THE NEWLY WED

Contributed by
D. S. Rao, Secunderabad.

